

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

WHERE IGNORANCE HAD BEEN BLISS.

From the Kingston S. Y. Freeman.

A near-sighted man, who lives at Iron Kingston, and never wore or looked through a pair of glasses until a short time ago, "one day a peddler called, and among other things, offered a pair of glasses for sale. He persuaded the man to 'try on a pair. After the fagster, and adjusted the glasses, he looked at and said in the room 'where I was sitting.' Finally he rose, said 'good-bye' and left. He took a long look at her and then exclaimed: 'Jane, now, I never would have married you if I had not seen you was so homely.'"

A MAN OF FEELING.

From The Philadelphia North American.

While the people are so much interested in the proposed bill to show in the figures, there are hundreds who have lived all their lives in the little saloons in the dreary mass of the city, who have never seen a picture of a woman, and who can count their cash by thousands. Many of these people are old and without the first rudiments of education, and without the least knowledge of the

WHERE IGNORANCE HAD BEEN BLISS.
(from The Elitist (N. Y.) Freeman)

And, as if in answer to the question, "What are you doing here?" he said, "I am here to see you." He then told him that he had just received a letter from you, and that he was very glad to hear from you. He then asked him if he had any news from you, and he told him that he had just received a letter from you, and that he was very glad to hear from you. He then asked him if he had any news from you, and he told him that he had just received a letter from you, and that he was very glad to hear from you.

"If I means cash, eh? Way down there: give 'em to us. We'll see about the cash."

"Yes," he mumbled, you know about its value—say 50¢."

"That's the lowest, eh?" reflectively. "Say, stranger how far you from New York City?"

"New York City," he repeated. "Won't take no less."

"That is a fair figure, in fact, a sacrifice."

"Say, stranger, I've wait till I git my coat an' hat, an' I bind the bargain."

The gentleman looked at his customer in surprise. The friend who accompanied him, and told this to the customer, could not repress his disabilities. He jumped into the wagon, rolled into town, had the neces-

His papers excited, not a friend to write his check for \$100 and send him on his way. "I'll stay," he said, "I'll stay if it is the simplest of gentlemen," he remarked in a broad grin. "You thought I was a fool," but he was not. He was a man of full size, a chest of war torn but sturdy of New York. And he was of this wave of the hand.

CLEVELAND WOULD OVERTHROW

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Colonel, you're a good Democrat," I remarked to Cole at the close of the other day; "what do you think of the president's message?"

"It was terrible, sir, very discreditable," replied the colonel with some warmth. "The idea of damning his entire message to the tariff."

"Well, sir," I said, "you have said something

and the Illinois Civil Service reform and—"Have the fisheries? Civil Service reform, ha ha!" cried the colonel. "Why, that man spent two days in the woods and saw the wild life. I saw one porcupine, one muskrat. And yet there isn't a word in the whole blank message about Kansas City. Cleveland is great, fat, useless lumber of the ground."

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A BABY'S HEAD FOR A TACK HAMMER.
from The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

A queer accident happened to a four-month-old child, eighteen months old, the other day. As it was taking its last lessons in walking it fell over backward, striking its head on the floor.

length, is attempting to remove the tack the parasite broke off the head of it, and a surgeon applied vasine, opened the scalp and drew the tack out. The removal of the tack proved a difficult task with the most improved instruments.

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HARD TO PLEASE
From the Washington Post.

Little Nellie, of West End, was in an avenue store ready with her mother, and she was greatly pleased with the Christmas array of dolls.

"Mamma," she said, "I want a baby."

"Very well, Nellie," said her mother, "you shall have one," and Nellie soon had a doll in her arms, but

They were not satisfied and still hung about the coil display, finally half in fear and half in hope she whispered:

"Mamma, I'd like to have twins."

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SHE WILL ALWAYS BUY THEM HEREAFTER.
From The Brownie Eagle.

They're in the shoe store, Miss. Main has bought for herself a pair of comfortable slippers and Mrs. Main has tied her dainty feet with the sweetest thing in hand—new shoes that artist in leather could design. "How much do I owe you?" asks Mr. Main. "Eleven dollars and a quarter," smilingly says the diplomatic clerk.

GREAT STATE MISSOURI 13.
From The Washington Tribune.

In the South Kensington Museum, London, there is an enormous skeleton of a mastodon from Benton County, Missouri. This summer when Congressmen O'Neill and Little was over he was watching around this enormous creature which killed over one looking at something strange things. Finally he ran across the skeleton. He eye looked upon the inscription and a powerful light came into his face:

"By thunder, I do," he exclaimed earnestly to his
 companion, "but at that I don't look at home."
 The companion, an Englishman, looked with more of
 candour than of sympathy.
 "I see it," he said with provoking coolness.
 "But, man, look at that inscription! It come from
 'The World'—written by a celebrated American essayist."
 "In Missouri," the Englishman said. And he then laugh-
 ed at the whole matter.
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 A MEAN SORT OF HORSE.
 From *The Flamingo* (Cal., Saturday).
 "Last week George Herring started from Indian
 Territory for the States with a single horse and a wild
 steer."

When the game to the Soda Springs he tried to get a drink of water. In getting out he tumbled against the muskrat and frightened it so that it started to run with George hanging to the tail. It went quite a distance before he could get over the ground, going down the hill flying, beating up against some bushes. He got the net and cart back on the grade, when the horse felt the road and was unable to rise. George tied the strap to the cart, and proceeded to unharness the horse. As quick as the harness was off, the horse reared to the sky and sent the cart flying again, leaving the cart by the halter strap. By this time Tracy, who had been sick for some time, was about

ated, but he managed to get down to the horse and put him back on the grade again, leaving the driver to think horses and men were made for one another, but he was not to ride back to Shofly, but he indignantly bucked off twice in about a minute, was compelled to lead the horse to shofly, where he got a saddle, and again attempted to resume his journey, but the bronco again bucked him off. His only chance in the storm and the howling wind was to hang in the stirrups and the horse, which was now nearly dead, and he had no clothes nearly of any use, came to the conclusion that a freight wagon was the safest mode of travelling, so he came to agree with Mr. McIntosh, where he arrived in fairly good condition, a little sore and his clothes **badly**

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.
From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Something of a sensation was caused at a fashionable afternoon "soiree" given recently in the East End, last week, by the collapse of a cake. The lady of the house, aided herself on the manufacture, that is through the hands of her cook, of a peculiarly delicious cake, the specimen of this delicacy roasted among the tea-cups on this occasion. At the proper time, when a certain flourish with silver spoons by a certain lady, denoting the high presence of the tea table, the steps leading to a knife in the cake. The spectators

tered that the color began to ebb out from the
ter's cheeks as the knife sank easily through the
meat. In a moment the secret was out. The like
sided and a last, agonizing strain of mere crust.
The knife had no more interior besides air.
Throwing a veil over the terrible scene which ensued
the drawing room, we can revert to the morning
melancholy preceding the discovery. In the ladder
that lady's house behold two innumerable boys,
sons, solemnly digging with jack-hammers
the floor of the drawing room, and making them-
selves a glorious feat, but with a wicked caution
paring the shell of a grand disappointment for
her mother's guests. They set up the skin of the

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